

Hey Pluto

I used to feel a little bad for Pluto.
It was a planet, but got stripped of its rank.
Thought of it floating somewhere out there, born of the Kuiper Belt,
Its hopes now dashed – perhaps its poor heart sank.

Then I realized: sure it's floating out there,
But it's got dwarf planet pals for company.
To its real friends, the label doesn't matter.
Maybe labels shouldn't matter much to me.

CHORUS: Hey Pluto! (Hey Pluto!)
It's OK! (It's OK!)
Dwarf planets are still cool anyway.
Now we finally got a spacecraft out to meet you.
So we'll see what the scientists say.

REPEAT CHORUS

When the International Astronomical Union
Defined a planet in 2006,
Pluto no longer fit the definition (no, no)
Though it has five known moons: Charon, Hydra, Nix, Kerberos and Styx

And I thought of poor Pluto sitting out there
Just a rock with a lost identity
And I wondered did it feel aimless and lonely?
Does it know it still has a fan in me?

'Cause to me, the label doesn't matter (no, no).
You've gotta be who you've gotta be.
True friendship makes my heart go pitter-patter
No the labels don't matter much to me.

CHORUS

REPEAT CHORUS

Oh yeah, we'll see what the scientists say.